



LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING



No. 16

Dec 1981

MISSION NO. 17: LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY -
Carl Gigowski

The ol' eagles took aim on the Galt House located on Louisville's historic riverfront for their sixteenth annual gathering during the week-end of July 31 - August 2, 1981. Hosted by Al Martin and assisted by Ken Robinson, both of the 829th, it was a memorable event with surprises and a new attendance record.

Thursday, July 30 was a sunny day as we left Grand Rapids for Lake Odessa where our daughter's family joined us. With an early start we enjoyed a leisure ride until reaching southern Indiana when the auto stopped running as if hit by a mysterious force from outer space. However, our journey continued behind a tow-truck to a nearby garage for repairs. An hour later and forty dollars lighter we were on our merry way, arriving late afternoon in Louisville.

Entering the hotel lobby, I spotted 831st personnel everywhere. Yes, Col Dan and Woody did it again. I would have to believe that activation of the 831st brought forty-five veterans of that large squadron to the reunion. It was a wonderful feeling greeting old friends again and meeting new ones which always makes the time pass rapidly. And as always the day's activities were concluded in the hospitality room.

Friday was a day to spend as one desired. For our group, it was a walking tour of Louisville, visiting the historical sites and shopping. Returning late afternoon to the Galt House we found more veterans had arrived.

Moored in front of the Galt House was the Belle of Louisville, one of the nation's few remaining stern-wheelers. Prior to the evening cruise on the Ohio River we were entertained by music of the old days as played on the ship's steam calliope. The music contributed to the merry atmosphere in the hospitality room on the eleventh floor. It was a happy occasion as friends raised their glasses on high to that outstanding organization of the 15th AF, the 485th Bomb Group, and their buddies. And in conversation the ol' veterans recalled events of the days in Italy and compared notes on life in their home town. And they were in for a treat or treatment — music by your editor on the concertina and his gunner, Herbie Little, on the saxophone. Well, we like to call it music. Herbie had many guessing as he played the game, Name That Tune. Yes, they remember the

famous tunes of the big bands.

Saturday's schedule of activities was a big one with the business meeting getting underway at 08:30 in the Liver-pool Room. Earl Bundy directed the meeting which was opened by Sherril Burba reading the 485th prayer. Martha Bundy read the minutes of the last business meeting. The forming of a 485th BG Veterans Association was discussed and Jack Eden will research its potential and report at the next meeting.

Al Martin welcomed the group to the sixteenth reunion and introduced the Honorable William B Stansberry, Mayor of Louisville. Mayor Stansberry welcomed the group to Louisville with a proclamation for the 485th Bomb Group, declaring July 30th thru August 2nd, 1981 as 485th Bomb Group days in Louisville. And very much to the surprise of your editor, the Mayor made him an Honorary Citizen of Louisville. A former 15th AF B-17 pilot, the Mayor related some of his flying experiences and spoke about the Confederate Air Force.

Laura Rempé recommended a visit to the Confederate Air Force at Harlingen, Texas and noted that the museum would welcome pictures of the 15th Air Force. Al Peshka announced the next reunion would be in Austin, Texas at the Marriott Inn on August 6 - 8, 1982. Tentative plans for 1983 are for the reunion to be in the Chicago area hosted by Art Hurley. With a newsletter fund drive the meeting ended at 09:40.

A caravan of five busses departed on the three mile trip to Churchill Downs, America's most famous track and home of the world-known Kentucky Derby, in south-central Louisville. For an hour the group toured the beautiful grounds and visited the Kentucky Derby Museum, viewing displays and reviewing information about the winners, the grounds and traditions of the historic track. Everyone had their picture taken in the winner's circle. A five minute ride took us to Masterson's

HI YO SILVER! AWAY TO AUSTIN, TEXAS

The Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the 485th Bomb Group (H) will be held August 6 - 8, 1982 at the Marriott Inn, Austin, Texas. Our hosts will be Al and Alvera Peshka of the 829th. For details see the reunion announcement. For additional information write Al Peshka, 6102 Wynena, Austin TX 78757.



Office of the Mayor

Proclamation

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETINGS:

WHEREAS, it is both fitting and proper that certain special times be set aside that our citizens might demonstrate their commitment to and concern for America's future by transcending all partisan or selfish considerations and uniting in support of the rights and values and freedoms that many brave Americans have fought for, suffered for, and died for; and

WHEREAS, all Americans endured hard times during the years of World War II and our war memories will always be etched on our consciousness, reminding us when everyday problems get wearisome of the real crises we faced in wartime and filling us with gratitude for all the great things this country offers us, for, we can all agree, we wouldn't want to live any other place in the world; and

WHEREAS, the men of the 485th Bomb Group, United States Army Air Corps, compiled a proud and distinguished record during World War II, serving their country with bravery and courage while stationed in Italy; and

WHEREAS, while helping America remain free during one of her strongest tests, the men of the 485th developed bonds of friendship that have endured for 36 years while each has gone on to pursue a different path in life; and

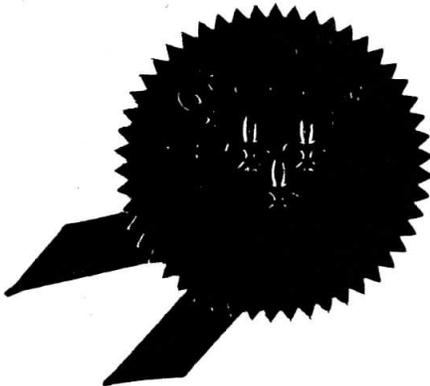
WHEREAS, the veterans of the 485th have selected the Galt House in downtown Louisville as the site of their 1981 reunion, July 30-August 2; and

WHEREAS, the citizens of Louisville should use this occasion to reaffirm our faith in America and to rededicate ourselves to working together, in the spirit of the reuniting eagles, to preserve our rights as a free people and to extend these rights to all;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, William B. Stansbury, Mayor of the city of Louisville, in recognition of the debt we owe all war veterans and in a spirit of welcome to the veterans of the 485th and their families, do hereby proclaim the period of July 30-August 2, 1981, as

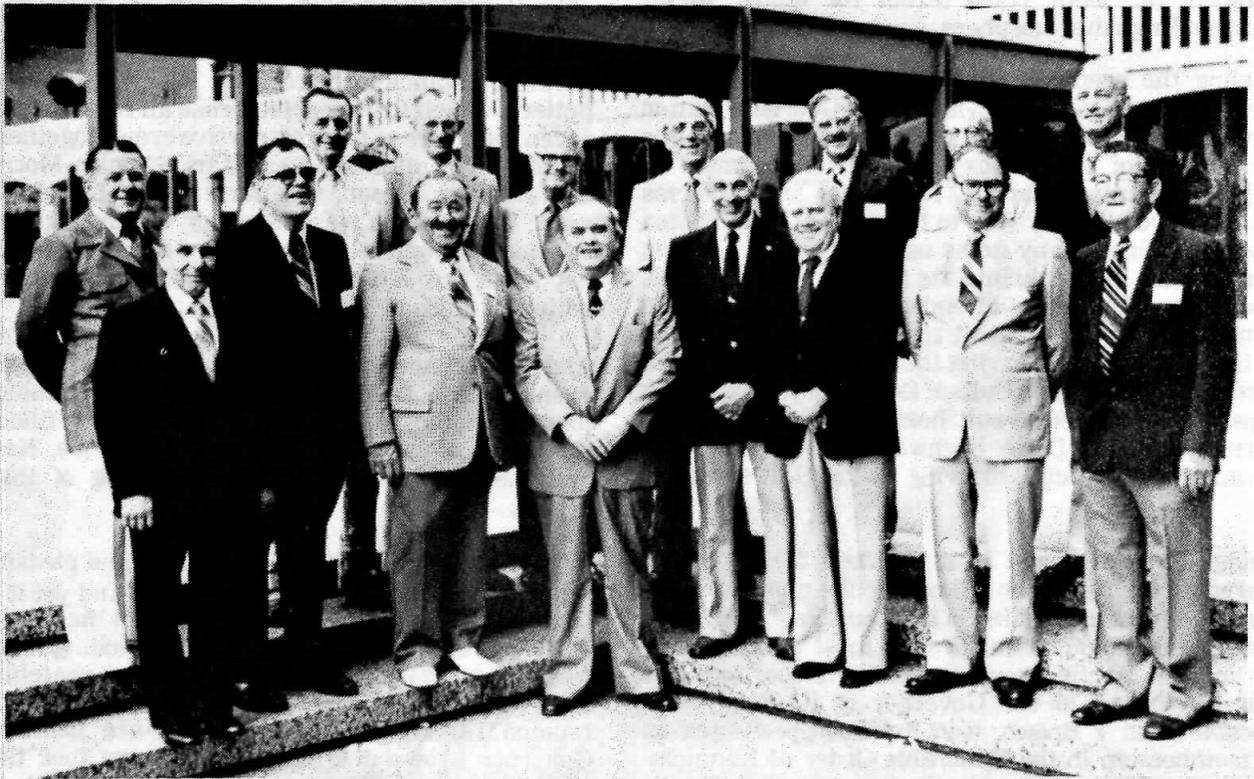
485TH BOMB GROUP DAYS

in Louisville, and urge every sensitive, thoughtful person to use this occasion as a time of reflection and remembrance, patriotism and unity.



Done in the city of Louisville, the Commonwealth of Kentucky, this Twenty-eighth day of July, in the Year of Our Lord, the Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-first, and of the City, the Two Hundred and Third.

William B. Stansbury
William B. Stansbury, Mayor



828TH VETERANS: Front, L to R - Nick Montulli, Bob Deeds, Fred Baggan, Sherrill Burba, Carl Gigowski, Herbert Little, Ambrose Borgetti and Walter Schneuer. Rear, L to R - Al Ziemba, John Calhoun, George Ick, Irvin Parker, Don Peden, Robert Marshall, Karl Anderson and Jack Eden.



829TH VETERANS: Front, L to R - Bob Brimmler, Marvin Lindsay, Hovey Ball, Ray Carpenter, Al Martin, Rex Merrell, Floyd Swanson, Sal LoBello and Quentin Meyer. Middle, L to R - Bill Ferrell, Homer Hale, Del Brinkman, Al Peschka, Kearney Weyland, Al O'Brien and B Yeager. Rear, L to R - Morris Burney, Marion Shelor, Wythe Napier, A Carlson, Otis Vinson, Milton Fundling, Bob Dillahay, Earl Bundy, Bernie Rempe, N Hank, Bob Peterson, Earl Issaacson and Tony Annie. Right Rear, L to R - Ken Robinson and Ted Brown.

Restaurant on South Third Street for dinner in an elegant old English atmosphere.

Traveling the scenic Dixie Highway for an hour we arrived at Fort Knox for a visit to the George S Patton Museum. The many exhibits and displays depicted the early history of Fort Knox and the development of cavalry and armor weapons, equipment and uniforms from the Revolutionary War to the present. The Patton Gallery contained many items used by General Patton throughout his life, including the famous Patton Pistols and staff car. The exhibit of tanks was most impressive leaving one with the greatest respect for the men who rode them into battle. Leaving the museum the caravan passed by the Fort Knox Bullion Depository, giving us a glimpse of the famous vault housing our gold assets. Returning via the Dixie Highway to Louisville, the caravan toured the city, arriving at the Galt House at 15:45.

Evening activities began at 18:00 when the ol' eagles gathered on the Riverfront Plaza for the photo session. By 19:00 all were assembled in the Court And Dell Quay Room for the banquet. But first, a most pleasant surprise for Al Martin, your Squadron Reporters and Editor. On behalf of the Governor of Kentucky, the Honorable John Y Brown, Ken Robinson presented us with membership in the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels. Another surprise for all of us was when Governor Brown entered the room and spoke to the group. But Governor, where was the charming Phyllis George?

Following the sumptuous dinner, it was time for the band to strike up the music. On hand was the Bill Lippy band which to the enjoyment of everyone played the music we love to hear, the music of the 30s and 40s. We enjoyed songs by that great Kentucky Crooner, the one and only Al Martin. It was a wonderful evening which ended all too soon and for that final night-cap, many of the eagles found their way up to the Hospitality Room.

We all enjoy Sundays. But when Sunday arrives at the reunion, one is somewhat hesitant to join in the last meeting which signals the end of the happy event. Earl opened the meeting with a silent prayer for our departed comrades. Word got around that it was Lyle Talbott's thirty-ninth birthday and all responded by singing Happy Birthday to Lyle. Earl announced invitations for a reunion in Hershey, Pennsylvania, Alaska and Hawaii in 1984. A vote indicated sixty-four were interested in a reunion in Alaska and forty-nine were interested in a reunion in Hawaii. Laura offered to contact Bentley Hedges, who did an outstanding job planning our European trip, for tour ideas and prices.

You editor noted that there was an interest in changing the dates of the reunion to an off-season date, like in September when it would be cooler. If the change should come about, it possibly would be effective in 1983 when the reunion will be in Chicago. Also, it was recommended that a reunion announcement should be placed in the newspaper and aired on the TV of the reunion locale. This was done in Louisville and two local veterans joined us after becoming aware of the event thru the news media.

Attendance reached a new high of 176 of which 116 were

veterans as follows: 831st - 45, 829th - 31, 830th - 22, 828th - 16 and Gp Hq - 2. Burt Roswald, 831st, of Seattle, Washington, was awarded a B-24 for traveling the greatest distance to the reunion. The crews of Jesse Ledbetter and Bob Brown, 831st, broke all records by having seven members of their respective crews together at the reunion. Also attending were Marion Shelor, Morris Burney and Otis Vinson, sole survivors of Lt J Latwaitis' crew, 829th, which was downed by enemy fighters on a mission to Munich, Germany on June 9, 1944. Last but not least was a record set by Matthew Darby, your editor's grandson, as the youngest in attendance.

And so the hour arrived ending another memorable event. With a final so-long until the next reunion, the journey home began with each person filled with memories of a wonderful time in Louisville, Kentucky and thoughts about the next gathering of the 485th eagles.

COMMITTEE'S NOTE - It is amazing and pleasing that reunion attendance continues to grow. And yet it should come as no surprise for it is quite evident that the "esprit de corps" of the 485th veterans is outstanding today as it was during WW2. Indeed, we are most grateful to Al Martin, his family and Ken Robinson for the wonderful reunion filled with surprises. We are honored that Governor Brown and Mayor Stansberry took time out from their busy schedule to visit with us. The honorary ranks awarded us will always be cherished. We are very appreciative of the assistance given by Marguerite Woodyard, Martha Bundy, Laura Rempe, Alvera Peshka, Namoe Lindsay and Theresa Carpenter so that the ol' veterans could enjoy as much time as possible with our comrades. And a special thank you to all in attendance for making the reunion a big success. We hope to see you all in Austin, Texas.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TRIP TO VENOSA

Rosalie Jackson

Looking back to the summer of 1980, I again experience the shiver of anticipation of our trip to Venosa with the 485th Bomb Group. Only now it is a shiver of "Were we really there?" The journal that I kept and the pictures that we took assure me that, indeed, we really were there.

My husband, John, and I did not meet until after World War 2, so I did not have the same personal involvement that many of the other wives had with that dreadful time in history. Nevertheless, the names of cities, towns, and battlefields in Europe are etched forever in my memory. So it was with great excitement that I began the "Return to Venosa" excursion.

London was a fitting beginning for this trip. Who could not be impressed with Westminster Abbey nor overwhelmed with the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace (even though the Queen was not at home!)? Picadilly Circus, the Palladium, the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Carnaby Street, Trafalgar Square — my head reels yet at having actually visited those places so well-known all over the world. Our two days in London were packed to the hilt and worth every hour spent there. Our tour guide, Ray Dickinson, took Bus No.



830TH VETERANS: Front, L to R - Frank Castor, Robert Samuels, Robert Laughlin, Joe Tabellion, Frank Ward, Larry Martin, Bob McVann, Ted Lipinski and Lyle Talbott. Rear, L to R - Vito Sakall, H Oberholtzer, Charley Onley, Ralph Skinner, Bill Anderson, Rod Ritchie, Jesse Wood, Bob Lewis, Lester DeJong, Neal Schwalader, Clifford Studaker, Lloyd Ritchie and Roy Hertzog.



831ST VETERANS: Front, L to R - Michael Lupoli, Don Webb, Verden Maul, Leo Michalec, Bill Schuetze, Robert Lewis, Dan Sjodin, Robert Monahan, Lewis Baker, Warren Meyers, John Nagle, Clifford Woodbury, Harold Dundon and Vince Lewis. Middle, L to R - Louis Schoeneman, Oscar Fleischmann, Thomas Straight, Ralph Raines, Bob Brown, Henry Dahlberg, John Jackson, John Godgrey, Jesse Ledbetter, Ned Peirano, William Spence, Robert Hanson, Frank Chaffin and Eugene McCarthy. Rear, L to R - Walter Iwanski, Howard Woodyard, Les Sutter, Paul Knoll, Ed Stauverman, Burl Jackson, Harold Richards, Bob Halling, Robert Rector, Don Evjen, Leonard Little, Stephen Mlinos, Bert Roswold, Vern Christenson, Richard McLawhorn and Albert Paul. (Not in photo - E Curtis)

I under his wing in London and shepherded us from there on in a very firm but enjoyable manner.

From London to Hook of Holland — across the North Sea, which on a map appears to be rather small. But, seen from the deck of the Dutch ship, St. Edmund, it loomed immense and vast on all sides. Upon arriving in Holland we met our bus driver, Mauro. Since he spoke only Italian, he didn't need to worry much about back-seat drivers!

In retrospect, Holland is a kaleidoscope of fishing villages, diamond markets, wooden shoe makers, cheese farms, and canals through Amsterdam. From Holland on to Germany — and the cathedral in Cologne that was somehow relatively untouched by Allied bombings. Up to this point, I had a general sense of being on a marvelous vacation. However, beginning with the stop in Cologne the war names and memories began to intrude. On our bus ride from Cologne through the Rhine valley, names like Remagen and Koblenz triggered memories of war events from various fellow travelers. The conversations became more sprinkled with references to the war.

The Rhine valley was replete with its well-known castles and at Heidelberg we had time to tour one. From Heidelberg we travelled through the Black Forest to Lucerne, Switzerland. The 'Old City' contrasted sharply with the 'New City' and our group enjoyed seeing both. The Lion Monument, a memorial to Swiss soldiers who died defending Ludwig II of Bavaria, raised "goose bumps". The animal's pain and throes of impending death were caught forever in the stone carving. From there to Mt. Pilatus was, literally, an "uplifting" experience. It was a half-hour ride by cogwheel railroad to the top of this awesome, beautiful mountain and one felt very insignificant standing on that crest as voluminous clouds swirled over and around it.

Next stop — Innsbruck, Austria. To get there we drove through a story-book land of mountains whose sides were dotted with "music box" chalets. Flowers bloomed profusely in windowboxes at every window — the villages through which we drove were sparkling clean. More castles were seen as we approached the "is — was" country of Liechtenstein, where we had a rest stop. Innsbruck was an overnight stop and, upon leaving it in the morning, we drove past the Olympic stadium and ski jumps. We were on our way to the Brenner Pass in the Dolomites. Members of the 485th remarked that bomb runs were made from Innsbruck through the Pass to the railroad stations in Ora, Italy. As we continued toward Italy, we passed German cemeteries, war bunkers, and a P.O.W. camp.

At last, sunny Italy — with its bottled water, the "chiti" for use in purchases made at lunch counters, and its Fernet Branca (good for what ails you, according to Ray). Venice was our first overnight stop in Italy. It was everything that travel ads say it is — more or less. Gondola rides — yes, but in dirty water and accompanied by mediocre serenading from the gondoliers. The walking tour included visits to several impressive parts of the city, such as the Doge's Palace, the church of St. Mark, the establishments of glassblowers where the famed Venetian glass is made. From Venice we went to Floren-

ce traveling over very flat, fertile land. In this area of the Po River there were many vineyards and cultivated fields. Members of the bomb group spoke of the Po as the landmark which they used in their bomb runs.

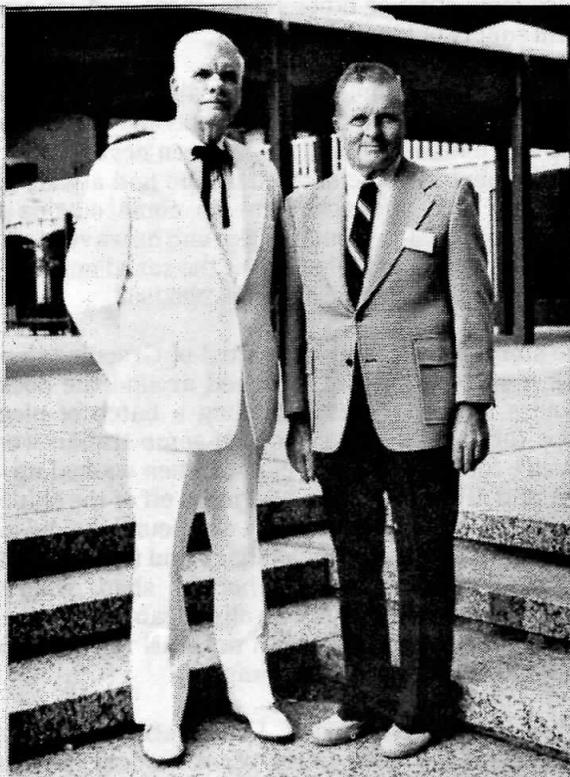
Florence is situated at the foot of the Apennines and is renowned for its gold jewelry as well as its leather articles. We were able to purchase such articles if we desired and also saw a reproduction of Michaelangelo's DAVID before we went on toward Rome. Heading South for the Naples and Sorrento area, it became more obvious that many thoughts were turned to the visit to Venosa. Although they were not often spoken, there were concerns about the reception that the group would receive there. However, our bus driver lightened the mood by playing tapes of Neapolitan love songs — Mama Mia! By-passing Naples and Mt. Vesuvius, we drove through an area more poor than any other that we had seen in Europe. However, as we drove on the coastal road along the Bay of Naples, the view was spectacular. Very blue water, olive trees, bougainvillea, grapes, palm trees — an unbelievable sight. The highway seemed to be strung like a necklace along the cliffsides. We descended to Sorrento — a definite resort area that contrasted sharply with the apparent poverty surrounding Naples. In what seemed to be one last fling before going to Venosa, we enjoyed the excavations of Pompeii and the Isle of Capri with its incredible Blue Grotto. Some of the 485th swapped memories of "R and R's" on Capri.

And then, finally, on a Sunday morning, we were on our way to Venosa. Amid much joking and good cheer there was yet an undercurrent of apprehension regarding our visit there. As we traveled west the terrain was rocky, arid, desolate looking, although there were many plowed fields on the hillsides. The land became flat as we approached Venosa. As we entered the town on a narrow street leading to a town square, many people were in sight, possibly just returning from church. We left our buses and asked directions to the mayor's office. This proved to be some distance from the buses, and it was necessary to walk there because of the narrow streets. It was like being a part of some movies I've seen — Americans walking through narrow streets with Italian townspeople on both sides exchanging greetings in English and Italian! With great relief we saw nothing but smiles and expressions of welcome. At the mayor's office we were greeted by His Honor, a rather handsome young man who spoke to us through an interpreter. He said that he was happy to welcome the men of the 485th Bomb Group and that the town was pleased that this group would choose to return for a peaceful visit. The sigh of relief that came over all of us was not audible but was definitely felt! Several of the townspeople who had worked at the air base during the war began to ask about various Air Force members. Before long, everyone was madly trying to talk at once. (Annette Montulli had a ball trying to translate for us). Several Italians and Americans recognized each other and a merry time began.

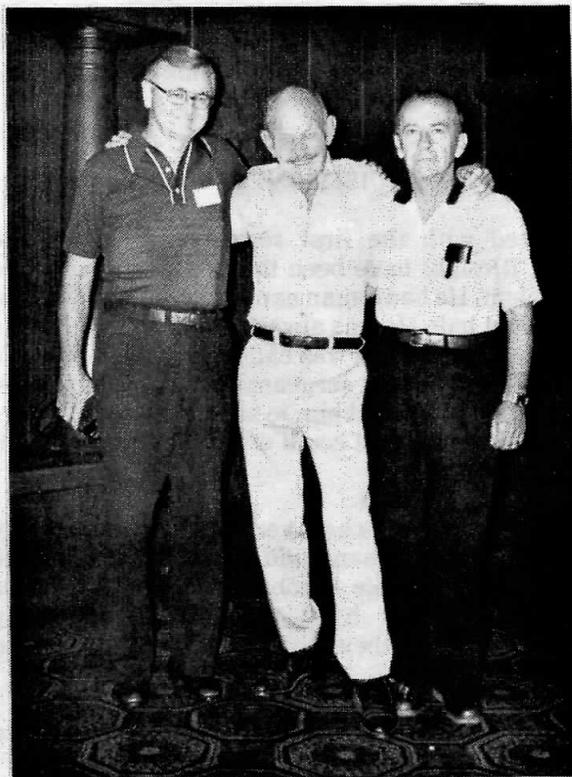
We were guests at a reception in one restaurant and had a sumptuous dinner served at another one. Needless to say, the "vino" flowed like water. The mayor had asked



485TH POWs: Front, L to R - Vito Sakall, Rex Merrell, Marvin Lindsay, Quentin Meyer, Earl Issacson, Homer Hale, Robert Rector, Leonard Little, Tony Annie and Otis Vinson. Rear, L to R - H Oberholtzer, Al O'Brien, Don Evjen, Marion Shelor, Vern Christenson, Ted Brown, John Godfrey, Morris Burney, Vince Lewis and Bob Peterson.



485TH GP HQ VETERANS: John Hannan, Jr and William Angle.



Marion Shelor, Morris Burney and Otis Vinson of Lt J Latwaitis' crew, 829th Bomb Sqdn.

all townspeople who could speak English to sit with us at dinner. Others who spoke very little English also joined us and we were made to feel very welcome. The Air Force members were quite surprised at how much the population of the town had grown and the general progress that it had made since the war. In the late afternoon we all went out to where the Air Base had been. The men tried to determine where various parts of their camp had been. It was most difficult as the area was now farmland and had been largely plowed up. The farmhouse that had been Group Headquarters was located, the flagpole was still there, and some old bomb parts were in evidence. Carl Gigowski gathered the Group members into a semblance of a military organization and read the Air Force prayer. It was a very emotional moment as they all saluted and then disbanded. The air was thick with memories of comrades who had not returned from this place and, indeed, it seemed miraculous to me that any of them had come home again. I doubt that there were many dry eyes at the moment.

It was nearly dark when we were back on the bus and on our way to Naples. But it was a very gay and relaxed busload that sang its way to the Jolly Hotel (aptly named for our state of mind that evening).

The trip was not yet over. We still had Rome to enjoy. And enjoy it we did with tours of the Coliseum, the Villa d'Este, Hadrian's Villa, St. Peter's, Vatican City and, not least of all, a Papal audience. It was "magnifico".

For me the whole trip was a dream come true. But more than that, it was a rare opportunity to visit places heard about during World War II and to share, just a little, a part of my husband's life that took place during a terrible time for all of us who lived through those terrifying years. I give my most heartfelt thanks to all of the gallant men of the 485th and ask that God's blessing be upon all of you.



MID-NIGHT REQUISITIONER - Hugh Bayless

It all started with the first sergeant of one of the squadrons, it might have been the 831st, coming to me with a problem. He had a man named Green who was the squadron eight ball. He was always going AWOL, he was always gone when the roll was called, he was impossible to keep on a job. The first sergeant wanted to ship Green off to the infantry. I asked him to send me Green. I wanted to meet the man who could drive the first sergeant right up the wall.

Well, Green turned out to be a very ordinary sort of guy — medium height, medium build, medium features. He didn't look, talk or act like a problem, despite the service record I held in my hand that showed so many disciplinary problems they'd had to glue in extra pages to take care of it.

I asked Green what the problem was. He was quite honest about it. He hated the military life, every job they had given him was a bore, and he had found his own way to cope with it.

I asked him what he would like to do in the military,

given that he was going to have to be in for a while. He mulled that over and said, "I don't know, but I'm pretty good at scrounging things. I guess I'd like to spend my time riding around Italy and finding things for people."

Well, that was the beginning. I gave Green a three-day pass and a jeep. We dug up some extra cigarettes and told Green we wanted some cement, which was in very short supply because it was under the control of the British. He left.

Green showed up three days later with a jeep load of cement and a grin from ear to ear. He'd had the time of his life and had to tell me all about it.

So, I gave Green several three-day passes, running consecutively (all quite illegal, of course), gave him a 4 x 4 truck, and told him to find me some lumber to start building an enlisted club.

Green came back, not only with a 4 x 4 filled with wood, but he had following him a 40-foot flatbed trailer and tractor unit which was loaded with lumber, corrugated iron, nails, cement, and all the things we needed. He had paid a visit to the docks and simply loaded up with the dunnage they had used to hold cargos in place in the ships coming into Naples with supplies to maintain our army.

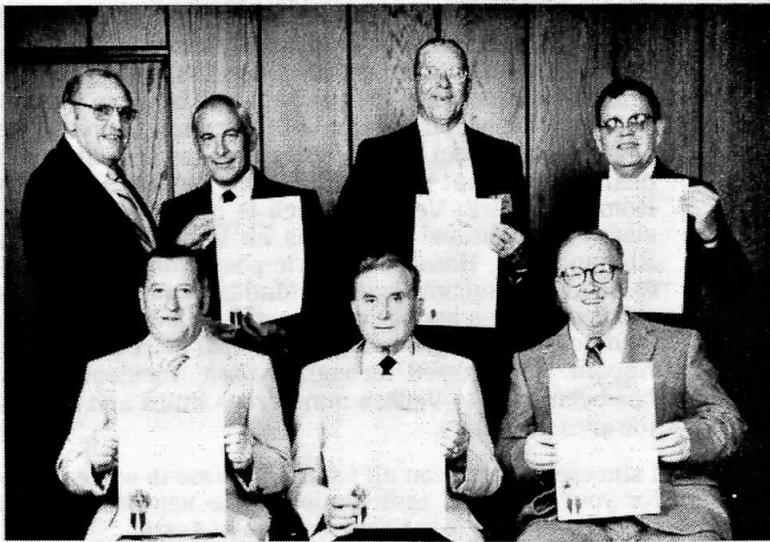
From then on, Green was our private scrounger. He was never around when we held formations, he hardly ever ate in the mess, but he did check in now and then to deliver whatever he was sent for and to pick up some more cigarettes or other trade goods and, of course, a fresh supply of three-day passes.

He was a true genius in finding anything that anybody wanted. I happened to mention one day that I needed a jeep more than anything else. Green never said a word, but the next time he showed up, he had a wide grin all over his face and asked me to come outside to see something. I walked outside Hq. and he waved to a brand new jeep. I did a double-take at the serial number on the hood — it was the same as mine, 20821992.

The story of the jeep was typical of Green's talents. He took a 4 x 4 to Naples, checked around the docks and found a ship that was unloading a batch of nice gray jeeps for the Navy. Green paid some Italian worker a few lire for the use of his clothes, then walked up, got in line, and drove one of the new jeeps off of the ship. Then, instead of driving to the Navy compound, he did a quick right down an alley, doubled back and forth a few times, drove it into his friendly hot-car shop, where they quickly repainted the jeep an olive drab and renumbered it. Green supplied them with my ASN for the hood and the 485th markings for the bumpers.

I miss Green. Even today, I could still use his talents, and there have been times when I would have traded most of what I owned for a few days of Green's time. Wherever he is today, I wish him well.

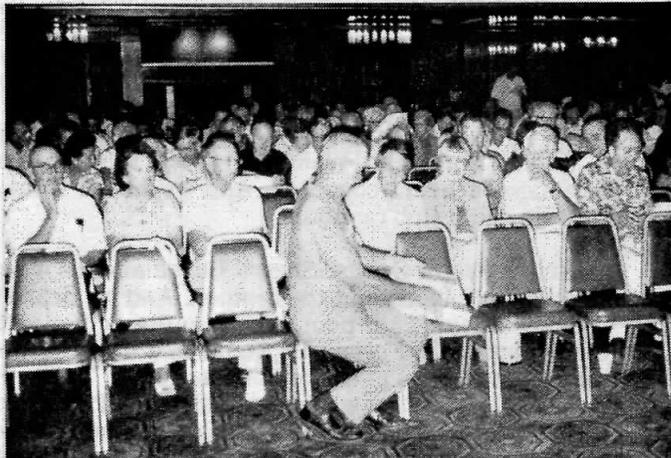




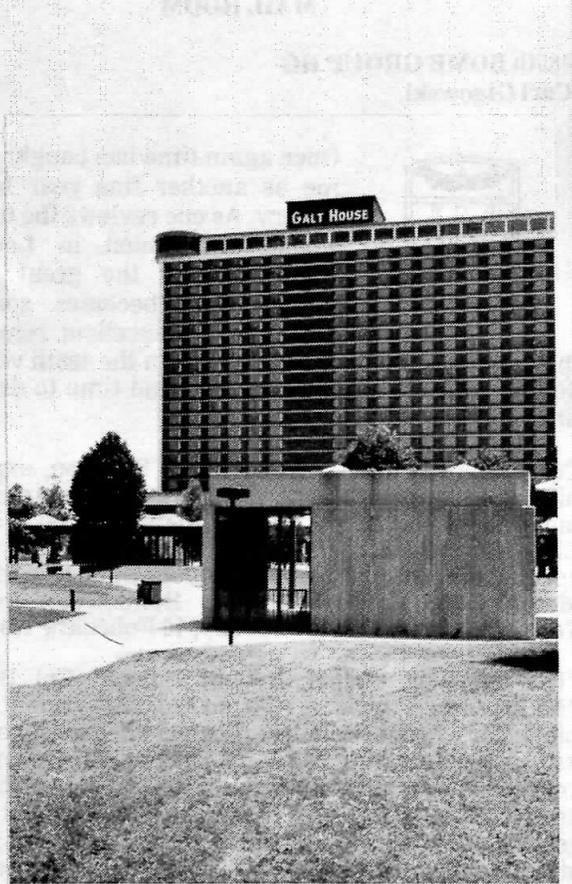
Newly appointed Kentucky Colonels - Front, L to R - Lyle Talbott, Woody Woodyard and Al Martin. Rear, L to R - Carl Gigowski, Earl Bundy and Bob Deeds. Ken Robinson makes the presentation.



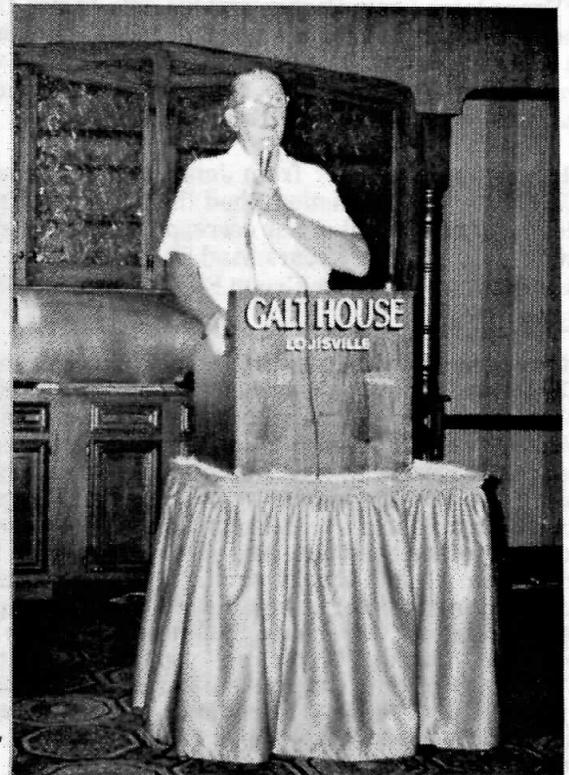
829TH CREW 76 VETERANS- L to R - Lewis Baker, CP; Harold Richards, G; Michael Lupoli, G; Albert Paul, RO; Burl Jackson, G; Jesse Ledbetter, P and Bill Schuetze, E.



The business meeting is about to start.



The Galt House, site of the 1981 reunion.



Earl Bundy opens the business meeting Saturday morning.

MAIL ROOM

485th BOMB GROUP HG
Carl Gigowski



Once again time has caught up with me as another fine year becomes history. As one reviews the mail, the wonderful reunion in Louisville, Kentucky and the great trip to Venosa, one becomes somewhat nostalgic. An excellent remedy for

this feeling is the mail received from the 485th veterans. So I am most grateful to all who find time to drop us a line.

Col William Bradley, Group Flight Surgeon, expressed his appreciation of the newsletter and noted interesting facts about the 15th AF crew member who, after his Liberator was hit by flak, fell from 18,000 feet without opening his parachute and survived. Of course, this was Major Olen Cooper Bryant, Bombardier on Col. Tomhave's crew that fateful day, 16 February 1945.

"His name is Cooper Bryant," noted Col Bradley. "Major Bryant was in the nose compartment of the Liberator when it exploded. He awakened in a snow bank with his parachute on and unopened. Bryant was knocked unconscious when the Lib exploded and believes he fell from 18,000 feet since the Lib was not in the general vicinity where he fell. The local farm people saw him face down in the snow, revived him and held him captive until the military arrived and took him to a POW camp.

"Years later I saw Cooper and his only injury from the fall was a sore back. His experience was so unusual that it was written up in Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" with the caption, "The man who fell 18,000 feet without a parachute and lived to tell the story."

Received a nice letter from John Hannan, Sacramento, California. At the reunion I had the pleasure of meeting John and as a result of our correspondence it was as if I knew John for many years. And Doctor Maurice Priver, who also served as our Group Flight Surgeon, also dropped a note.

It was good to hear from Col Douglas Cairns, Redlands, California, who was our last Group commander. As noted by several other veterans who made the trip to Venosa, Col Cairns wrote that the newsletter covering our trip to Europe was very helpful in recalling the many places we saw and events we took part in. Regrettably, he was unable to make the reunion but has plans for attending future reunions. And it was darn good to hear from Gen. "Pop" Arnold, our first Group Commander. Included in his letter were a few "stones" in support of the newsletter. Col Danny Sjodin and his wife visited with the Arnolds. Of course, you all remember Col Sjodin, CO of that Group size Squadron, the 831st, as evidenced by the large attendance of 831st veterans at the reunion. We sincerely hope to see you in Austin this coming August.

Ralph Wakefield, Gp Hq Radar Officer, of West Stockdale, New York wrote that he has returned to full-time employment at Posdam College from which he had

retired in 1976. I would say Ralph enjoys his work. Ralph found the special issue of the newsletter covering our trip to Venosa most interesting. He has made the trip a number of times thru the newsletter. Also from the east, Sy Weinstein sent in a letter with an article from the New York Times about the discovery of Jewish catacombs near Venosa that date back to the last century of the Roman Empire. Venosa, which is now described as a sleepy agricultural town, was an important center in Roman times. Horace, the lyric poet, was born there in 65 BC. The catacomb is under Maddalena Hill on the outskirts of Venosa and is now crowned by a orphanage and farmhouse. It is interesting to note that one branch of the Appian Way passed through Venosa. Incidentally, Sy has been back to Venosa numerous times and covered the area in depth.

I sincerely thank you all for taking time to write us and for your generous contribution to the newsletter which enables all to keep in touch. See you in Austin.

828TH BOMB SQDN
Bob Deeds



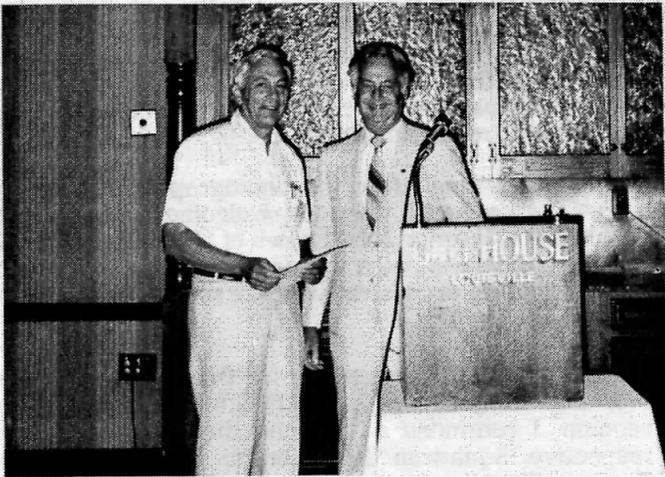
Another year has passed. If you have not attended the reunion when it was in your area, you have missed a great display of comradeship and friendliness that cannot be matched anywhere. Al Martin, his family, and friends did a super job in making our visit to Louisville, Kentucky a time to remember. A question frequently asked was: "How did you fellows win the war?" Again, I say, "Thanks Al, a job well done."

From the Orderly Room and Sqdn Hq personnel: We talked to Irv Parker and Mary. Irv is still working in Minneapolis. News from 1/Sgt Bailey Jenkins indicates he is experiencing health problems. Received notes from Col Calvin Fite, who is in the legal business and Roger Monroe, who is semi-retired.

From the Mess Hall: We received mail from our night baker, Ed Manning, who is still with General Motors.

From the Line personnel: Fred Bagga, Carl and Grace Anderson, and George Ick were at the reunion. For those who made the trip to Venosa, they will always remember George as our geologist who collected about a ton of rocks throughout the trip. Also, Walter and Mabel Scheuer were at the reunion. Walter worked on the engine change crew. Received word from Walter Kixmiller, who along with his wife underwent heart surgery. A letter from John Waldeyer noted that he has experienced a heart condition. And we heard from John Raffale and Ralph Compton.

From the Flight Crews: Sherril Burba and his wife, and Jack Eden joined us at the reunion. And we heard from Jack Whatley, 828th pilot, who is quite active with the Confederate Air Force. All would like to meet more of the 828th veterans at the reunion in Austin, Texas. From Bay City, Michigan, we heard from Tom Tabor. Tom is in the jeweler's business and sent in some new addresses of veterans. Received word from William L. Brien and Bob Prentiss. Bob flew with Emil Opalka who lives in Anchorage, Alaska. Emil and Hugh White hope to host a



The Honorable William B Stansberry, Mayor of Louisville awards Carl Gigowski an Honorary Citizen of Louisville.



The 485th Pied Pipers - Carl Gigowski on concertina and Herb Little on saxophone.



Al Martin, Reunion Host.



The Honorable John Y Brown, Governor of Kentucky speaks to the 485th veterans.



The youngest at the reunion, Matthew Darby with Grampa and Granny Gigowski and father Earl.

LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING

Published annually by and for the veterans of the 485th Bomb Gp (H)

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reunion in Alaska. Bob Marshall and his wife were at the reunion, from Galesburg, Illinois. Don Peden, of Louisville, also joined us. Received a letter from Stanley and Alice Turecki. Our editor, Carl Gigowski, wife Florence, daughter Carol, son-in-law Earl and grandson Matthew were with us at the reunion. Carl, along with his gunner, Herb Little, added extra merriment to the occasion, providing music on the concertina and saxophone.

From the Ordnance and Armament personnel: Nick and Annette Montulli joined us at the reunion. They also made the trip to Venosa in 1980. Jim Bowman joined us Sunday morning after having viewed our reunion on the local television. I had a nice visit from a veteran we thought we had lost, Al Ziembra, who visited us at home and also attended the reunion. Ambrose and Delores Borgetti also attended the reunion. Ambrose is about to retire. And then there were John and Peggy Calhoun. Yup, John is still selling that great diet drink — beer.

Editorial: Bill Schoultz, Carl Anderson and I started the reunion over twenty years ago. All the work accomplished on the newsletter and the reunion is on a voluntary basis. With the unprecedented comradeship and support, these projects have always been very successful. We would like to hear from all of you. Or better yet, join us at the next reunion for a wonderful time that you will always remember. So, we hope to see you all at the next reunion in Austin, Texas.

PS: Charles Roberts, Harrison, Arkansas, who served in the Group Motor Pool, dropped us a line noting that he is experiencing some minor health problems.

829TH BOMB SQDN

Earl Bundy



I've had a busy year since retiring in March with traveling most of the time and searching for more 485th veterans. I received many letters from 829th members and thru them and the reunion notices in all the veteran magazines, we found sixteen new veterans. I was especially pleased to get a phone call from Gus Radek, 829th cook from New Jersey.

During November I traveled to Louisville, Kentucky to help Al Martin plan for the reunion. The plans for the reunion were finalized in the spring when Al came to Columbus, Ohio for a meeting with the Squadron Reporters.

Squadron members began arriving Wednesday at the Galt House for the reunion and by Thursday evening we had the largest gathering ever. Registration continued all day Friday. The Galt House, located along the Ohio River, is beautiful and the food was the very best. Our Hospitality Suites on the eleventh floor had outside patios overlooking the Ohio River. During the afternoon and early evening the calliope aboard the paddle-wheel boat "Belle of Louisville" would play many of the ol' riverboat songs. Later, we encouraged Carl Gigowski to play his concertina for our enjoyment.

Upon opening the meeting Saturday morning, the

Honorable Mayor William B Stansberry of Louisville, a B-17 pilot in the 15th AF during WW2, gave a rousing welcome to Louisville and made Carl Gigowski an Honorary Citizen of the city of Louisville. Al Martin's well made plans for Saturday's activities included a tour to Churchill Downs and Fort Knox.

Saturday evening after the photographic session, we were given a heart warming welcome speech by the Honorable Governor John Brown of Kentucky. After his morale builder we had a wonderful banquet followed by an outstanding orchestra which provided music for an evening of dancing.

A large crowd was on hand for the final meeting Sunday morning. Many expressed their thanks to Al for a grand reunion. I reminded all to send their dollars to their respective Squadron Reporter to keep Lightweight Tower calling.

830TH BOMB SQDN

Lyle Talbott



The 1981 reunion was a very happy time for all who attended. I'm pleased to report twenty-two 830th veterans were there and to the best of my knowledge all were happy to see old friends again. I must say Al Martin, our host, did a super job in providing a very interesting program, excellent facilities afforded by the Galt House, a good dance and acquiring the services of the Mayor of Louisville and the Governor of the great COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY to address and socialize with us.

The twenty-two 830th veterans attending were: Frank Castor, Robert Samuel, Robert Laughlin, Joe Tabelion, Frank Ward, Lawrence Martin, Bob McVann, Ted Lipinski, Vito Sakall, Harry Oberholtzer, Charles Onley, Ralph Skinner, Bill Anderson, Rod Ritchie, Jess Wood, Bob Lewis, Lester DeJong, Neal Schwaldler, Clif Studakaer, Lloyd Rich, Bob Hertzog and Lyle Talbott. Ordnance had five veterans attending, Ken Muse's crew had three veterans and I believe Vito Sakall and Harry Oberholtzer were crew members. The rest of us were just mavericks.

I have a couple of moves to report: Harry Oberholtzer left sunny Miami for Pennsylvania. After the reunion Bob McVann was deported from Kentucky and is again a Buckeye — glad to have you back, Bob.

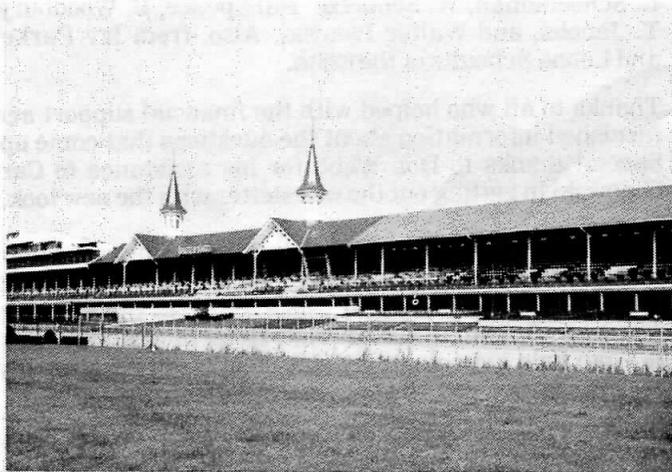
Now, I have a request for all of the Group veterans. V James Barison, P.P. Box 1165, Torrence, California, is attempting to locate fellow crew members. This is an unusual case and really deserves all the help he can get. The crew members were: Pilot - Donald L Adams; Copilot - Vincent J Barison; Navigator - Armand G Gazaille; Engineer - Joseph N Cattoggio; Radio Operator - Frank D. Salters; Gunners - Thomas O Moore, Thomas F Falcone, John J Chess and Marvin Nicolson, Jr. Group mission no. 177, 11 April 1945, was to northern Italy where the target was a bridge. Adams and Barison were injured by flak and the crew did an outstanding job to survive. However, Barison's injuries



Bill Lippy Band - The little band with the big band sound.



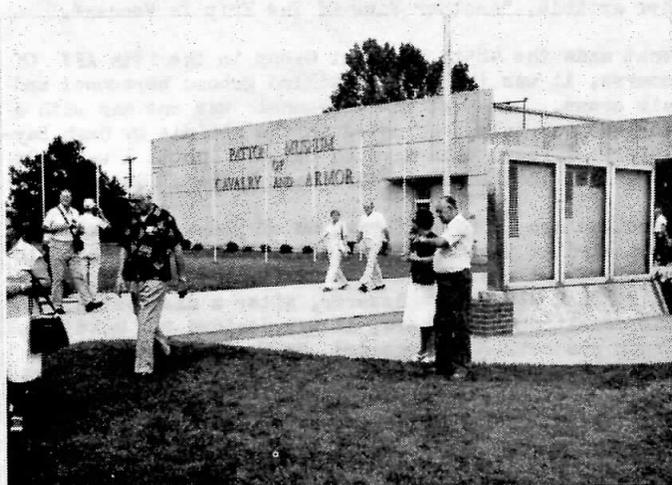
The great Kentucky Crooner, Al Martin.



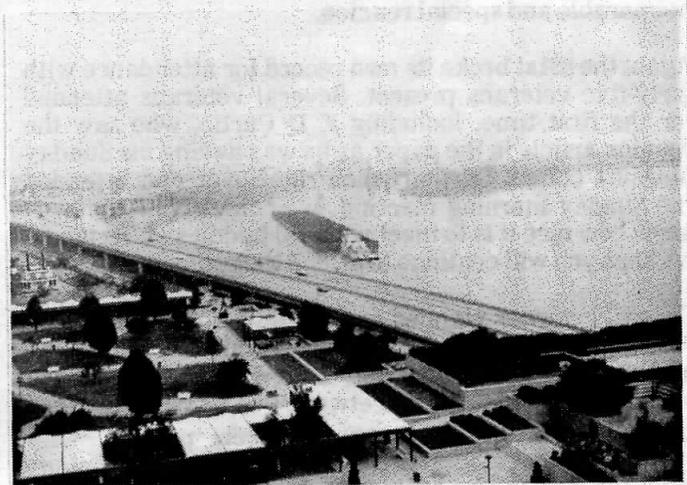
Churchill Downs, Louisville, Kentucky.



Reunion group touring Churchill Downs.



Patton Museum, Fort Knox, Kentucky.



The Ohio River as seen from the Hospitality Room on the 11th floor.

were so severe that he was dropped off at an English airfield and hospitalized. Later, he was transferred to Bari and Naples, never to return to the 830th. He has really made an effort to locate his crew thru Carl, myself and notices in the VFW magazine. Please try to help Jim out.

Also, Bill Edwards, 1624 Wilby Rd, Memphis, Tennessee, phone 901-683-1909, who was in the 830th at Roswell, New Mexico (1946-48), has a request. Bill was an instrument specialist on B-29s. If any of our members, who remained in service and were at Roswell during that time, Bill would like to hear from you.

The "Eyes of Texas" will be upon you in 1982 so start making plans for an other great reunion. I'm sure most crew members and AMs spent some time in Texas. I will leave you with three questions: 1. Will Carl Gigowski ever make the Lawrence Welk show? 2. Will Earl Bundy replace "Tattoo" on Fantasy Island? 3. Will Lyle Talbott take a trip on the Love Boat? Hell, I don't know — come to Texas and find out.

831ST BOMB SQDN Woody Woodyard



The 831st did it again! Another fine and successful reunion was enjoyed by 116 veterans, their families and friends. We enjoyed this wonderful reunion in the beautiful rolling hills of Kentucky — the state of Southern Hospitality, the home of Kentucky

Fried Chicken, beautiful women and fast horses. Or is it the reverse? Also the state of Kentucky Colonels and mint juleps. This was all planned by Al Martin with the able assistance of Ken Robinson. We had the Honorable Governor John Y Brown of Kentucky as our distinguished speaker at the dinner dance and the Honorable Mayor William B Stansberry of Louisville as our guest speaker for our Saturday morning meeting. Mayor Stansberry was a B-17 pilot and a veteran of a bomb group closely located to the 485th in Italy. We had coverage by the local TV and newspaper. A reunion like we never had before! Thanks again to Al Martin, Ken Robinson and others that helped to make this a memorable and special reunion.

Again the 831st broke its own record for attendance with forty-five veterans present. Several veterans attended for the first time, including E D Curtis, who saw the reunion article in the paper as he was having his Sunday morning coffee. Curtis rushed right over and attended the Sunday morning meeting. Welcome! Now that you know how nice it is to meet your old buddies and friends, we hope you will continue to attend the reunion.

Several veterans planned on attending but business and other reasons dictated differently. Walter Stevens was one who had plans on attending. Walter's attendance would have broken the tie between Bob Brown and Jesse Ledbetter for the most crew members present. With seven crew members each, Walter would have made eight for Bob and he could have had all the B-24 instead of just half. Ha, who will win next year?

We are sorry to report that the letters from Mrs Philip Cadenhead and Mrs S R Jackson informed us of the

passing of their husbands. A letter from Bill Spence noted the passing of Bill Earley in December 1975. Ralph Raines informed us of the passing of our Mess Sergeant Frank Reno in 1957.

We had very special week-end guests in August. A huge fifth-wheeler pulled up in front of our home. It was Bernie and Laura Rempe. We had a wonderful week-end, including a catfish supper furnished by the Rempes with catfish from Oklahoma. Please to it again. I hope we can find more treasure next time. Guess there isn't much left in Michigan. It's all at Fort Knox.

Received letters, phone calls, and cards from the following 831st veterans since our last report. I hope we haven't left anyone out. Bob Barrett, John Breen, Vic Bone, Kenneth Brown, Bob Brown, Frank Chaffin, Homer Disharoon, Harold Combs, Vern Christensen, Harold Dudon, O. Fleishman, Jack Godfrey, Bob Hansen, Burl Jackson, John Jones, Jesse Ledbetter, Vince Lewis, Leonard Little, Mike Lupoi, Sid Manson, Bob Monahan, Dick McLawhorn, H. McGraw, Jack Nagle, Al Paul, Ned Perino, C. Reynolds, R. Raines, M. Redington, L. Schoeneman, W. Schuetze, Bill Spence, C. Woodbury, T. Jacobs, and Walter Iwanski. Also, from Irv Parker and Leona Schoultz of the 828th.

Thanks to all who helped with the financial support and furnished information about the questions that come up. Special thanks to Don Webb for his assistance to Carl Gigowski in getting out the newsletter with the new look.

We are looking forward to another very fine reunion in the Lone Star State of Texas (not lonely when the 485th is there for the reunion). Al Peshka will host the affair on August 6 - 8, 1982 at the Marriott Hotel in Austin, Texas. If I can help anyone in any way, feel free to ask for my assistance. See you all next year in Austin, Texas.

FROM YOUR EDITOR:

It is over a year since our wonderful trip to Venosa. Impressions of the trip were recorded in the newsletter by your editor, Sqdn reporters and a writer. One group not heard from, were the wives. What were their impressions? Rosalie Jackson answers the question in her article, "Another View Of The Trip To Venosa".

What made the 485th the best Group in the 15th AF? Of course, it was the highly skilled ground personnel and air crews. Amongst the personnel was one man with a most unique talent as noted in the article by Hugh Bayless. I found this hard to believe until I was told of a like individual in our local National Guard.

Sometime ago, Woody informed me of plans for a plaque, dedicated to the men of the 485th Bomb Group (H), to be placed at the AF Museum. At first it was considered a 831st project. However, after a discussion with the committee and others, it was decided to make it a Group project. Spearheaded by Woody and Marguerite Woodyard, the response to the project was heart warming. The goal required for the plaque is at hand. With assistance from Vince Lewis, Earl Bundy and Ed Nett the project will be completed in the near future.

Now that I have means of reading the microfilm records of our Group I shall start working on the history again. Once again, our most sincere thanks for your unprecedented support of our projects. I hope you enjoy the newsletter and to see you all in Austin.